how he shall take up his art; and secondly, if he is to be a worthy artist, how he shall hand down his art;—first, as the follower of teachers who have gone before, how he shall so learn as to be a brother worthy of their fellowship; and secondly, as a predecessor of learners in his turn, how he shall so perform his part in the drama of progress as to become a master of honourable renown. These, then, are my lamps of Learning and Teaching, and their light is for the architect as artist alone.

I would not have you endeavour to believe that in architecture we have the noblest of arts; I am rather of opinion that it is one of a somewhat humble class. Poetry, as the *description* of all beautiful that words can reach, reaches from a picture of the little wayside flower to visions of the unseen mysteries of Heaven itself—dreams of the music of the seraphim and the very speech of Deity. Painting and statuary, as the *delineation* of all beautiful that is visible, overtake the whole of that exquisiteness with which is endowed all natural and human expression,—the nobleness of great men, the loveliness of woman, the grandeur of the storm, the freshness of the morning, the gloom of the grave, almost the splendour of the sun. Architecture being but the *decoration* of a manufacture, can claim no such excellence as either of these; and even music, more *sensual* (if I may so use the word) than intellectual, as I conceive it is, takes such a hold upon our sympathies, and is so entrancing, enthralling, electrical, magical, a thing, that I can scarcely refuse, if art is to be measured by enjoyment, to accord even to it a higher place than to any work of mere decoration, although it should be the noblest effort of the noblest decorative skill—"the Parthenon of Athens, the Pantheon of Rome, or the Minster of York."

I have here incidentally indicated in some manner the four departments in which, according to the constitution of our nature, art is developed; the *decorative* being the department which comprehends architecture. In other words, decorative art being the fine art or beauty-work of *manufacture*, building, as one branch of manufacture, originates architecture as its fine art or beauty-work. "Cottons" are another branch of manufacture, and the beauty-work of the printer's pattern-drawer is fine art no less. Dressmaking and tailoring are manufacture again, and their beauty-work fine art too. The plain truth goes farthest, my son, all the world over; the tailor at his cutting-table, and the *modiste* at hers, are own brother and sister to the architect over his drawing-board: and if those artists are sufficiently humble to give great precedence to the other, they might decide differently, if they knew better,—in so far that at no time have tailors and dressmakers acknowledged "the authority of antiquity," or advocated a "rigid adherence to the examples," except for fancy balls and foolery.

But do not imagine all this while that in architecture we have no better a thing than very common-place effort of the mind. If Michelangelo, as architect, is identified with, as it were, Messrs. Moses and Son, so is Milton with the "poets" whom those worthies "keep;" and the great Florentine, again, as painter and sculptor, with him who daubs a parrot on a tea-tray, or carves a hound's head on a gent's cane. Such is art; and it is its excellent mission that it not only soars with the loftiest intellect into the sky, but creeps with the humblest upon the humblest ground, to beautify and bless both high and low. And if in other arts there may be greater loftiness of aim, still in those whose province is but the decorative, the summit of endeavour is frequently by no means other than a most noble height; and in architecture, which is the grandest of all decorative arts (because building is the grandest of all manufactures), the summit of endeavour is never unworthy of noble minds, but offers a prize of very lofty pleasure and very honourable fame.

Thus, then, stands the position of the artist-architect,—second, certainly, but no more, to the highest artists, inasmuch as Michelangelo stooped a little, but very little, when he laid aside the pencil of the painter and the chisel of the statuary to be the master of the builder at St. Peter's. And such is the nature of architecture-art,—the highest art of the decorator,—perhaps so much the highest, in respect of the extensive and intricate knowledges it involves, and the costly, laborious, and noble works in which its principles operate, that all other arts of its class are left so far behind as to appear of inferior class, but for theoretical identity of fundamental purpose.

The man of business, following the long list of those who, as men of business, have gone before, needs but to acquire in the most efficient manner the mastership of his business, whereby to earn a creditable livelihood, and take the position, according to his capacity, of a meritorious member of society. By far the great majority of men in any sphere can attain to no more than this, and if a man attains to no less he does well. But the question with the artist is based on another foundation,—it commences with an entirely different idea. It is no such matter as business, or personal profit, or selling one's labour for a price. Every artist must attend to all this in his separate capacity of a man of business; for every one must look to the lamp of making a living, of necessity; but his artist's mission and art-fellowship, as a follower of those artists who have gone before, are a question of fascination and devotion. There is some element in the artist's mind which constrains him to own spontaneous and anxious allegiance to art; the hand that made him made him a priest of this mission (and the world would be a joyless world, I say, without such mission); it is not by choice of his, but by constraint, by fascination, by tie of nature, by spiritual patriotism. History records the living of a succession of these art-priests,—art the one aim of their living, and art their glory now that they are long dead. History records their names as a special and recognised priesthood, honoured among men; and time hands down their works among the world's treasures, long after their own poor hands have crumbled into dust, and long after the very traditions of their ordinary lives, their friends and enemies, their joys and sorrows, have been lost in oblivion. These men have, step by step, carried on all through the ages this increasing purpose,—the embodiment of those beautiful thoughts which are playing in the souls of men all the world through, the reflections of the beautiful things of Nature's teeming picture. It is surely an exquisite mission, this, of the artist, and men of the rudest and most sordid own it and honour it. How, then, shall the novice assume the vestment as a worthy follower of those who have gone before, and proceed to minister as a worthy priest of so excellent a mission?

Now I have been speaking of the *artist* without naming the *architect*, for I could scarcely venture to say all this of him specially. I could say it all of the poet, the painter, and even the musician, and meet universal sympathy with my earnestness; but to speak of the architect so would provoke the smile of derision, and I should be but called upon to include in my enthusiasm my artists the tailor and dressmaker as well. In fact, I should at once be met with the assertion that however truthfully I may be speaking of the poet, the painter, or the musician, the architect must be excluded entirely, having no more these lamps of Learning and Teaching to look to than the tailor has. And true it is with regard to the afflatus of the art-energy, that just as the great poet, or painter, or musician is always inspired with it as the essence of his vocation, so the great tailor has never any of it at all, for with him it would be but a travesty; while in the great architect the amount of it is seldom more than very little indeed. This is all true assuredly, and it is but evidence of the order of precedence of the arts,—first, the high arts, with poetry at the summit; and last the low arts, graduating down to such a thing as the beauty-work of the *modiste*, and even lower still, and midway the better arts of decoration, with architecture at their head. But I would have you know that the architect is not always devoid of this afflatus, but that many a one in the ages can be named whose life was devoted to the art-mission with a constancy which leaves the uninitiated to wonder how so much poetry could come out of building, and the initiated to admire the earnestness with which the depth of that poetry was fathomed.

The fine art architecture being the decorative art of building—the beauty-work of that one among the "manufactures" of our hands,—the principles of its administration are of course these—preliminarily, the principles of building-work itself, and then the principles of beautifying building-work, and the principles of ornamenting or enriching building-work; or the objects of the art are—first, to form or outline any given scientific features of building with grace and expression or emphasis intrinsically; secondly, to govern the origination of those very features with subjection to a desire for such grace and emphasis as themselves first principles; and, thirdly, to enhance the effect by appropriate embellishments, ornamentation, enrichment, extrinsically. The fundamentals of criticism and the fundamentals of composition are, therefore, first, the principles of *manufacture* (which govern all decorative arts, or arts of manufacture, but no others); and, secondly, those of *sense-beauty*, as I may call it (or the system of melody and harmony in forms, colours, and tones, which is the sole authority in music, and partially more or less in all decorative and delineative arts); and the only remaining fundamental of criticism and composition in art:—the principles of *nature*—(which govern solely in poetry or descriptive art, jointly with those of sense-beauty, in the delineative, painting and sculpture, and not at all in music; does not enter into decorative art in any form, except inasmuch as delineative art, used in decorative ornament, must be subject to its own laws. Here, then, is the course of study for the artist architect,—first, the principles of building; secondly, those of sense-beauty of form and colour; and, thirdly, those of nature, so far as delineative art is made an accessory to his decoration. Take these as the guiding stars of your endeavour, the roots of your fancy, the standards of your judgment: for as we sow we must reap, and these only are the seeds of art; all other system is fallacious, barren, and destructive. These are the principles which, from the infancy of building-beauty, the minds of the fathers in our fellowship have searched for and striven to embody in their works: the beginnings were small, very small: frequently has the course had to be recommenced; the deviations, and errors, and failures, have been numerous; the progress, compared with other progresses, has been slow; but the noble history of a noble art has flowed on all through the generations of the past, and it can be pleasurably traced, with but few gaps now, and these decreasing daily, and the names of its succession of kings are registered for our hero-worship, and for the admiration of enlightened man at large, although they and we are but architects and no more. And if we, as true followers in this fellowship, would take our place worthily, we must indoctrinate ourselves with their laws; and if we would hand down our mission to our followers in their turn we must preserve those laws intact. We must progress from their progression, and in the right line. And we must leave behind us a clear path for our sons to follow, to progress from our progression without a check. As men of business our duty is to look to ourselves; but as artists, it is our duty to look to our art.

Now the idea which seems to have been in late ages chiefly entertained on these questions of our learning and teaching is that we shall worship old doings and imitate them. And I hesitate not to say that the old doers of those old doings, if they could rise from the dust, or their spirits look down upon us from their hoary works, would feel less pride of flattery than shame and reproach. They would give us but little thanks for our honour and fidelity to themselves, and much upbraiding for our infidelity and dishonour to their and our art. A very bad system of learning and teaching is this. Its admirers cannot pretend that the fathers learned and taught so themselves,

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